

# Good Morning 403

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon's Stage, Screen, Studio

WITH the Red Army continually in the headlines, it is commendable that at last tribute is being paid to the entertainers who are continually at the Russian front.

The Soviet State Committee for Art Affairs maintains a force of travelling theatres, with portable lights and settings. The repertoire includes plays by Shakespeare, Moliere, Chekov, Gorky, and other world-famous playwrights. The men themselves, too, put on innumerable shows.

Every unit has some kind of small amateur ensemble—a dance orchestra, a folk troupe, dancers, jugglers, and singers. Example: One group gave 50 performances in dug-outs and wrecked houses of Stalingrad during the siege.

Since Hitler attacked Russia, 1,800 theatrical parties have played Red Army units at the front, giving some 500,000 performances. About 40 republics and regions of the U.S.S.R. have taken part in organising them.

Famous Soviet opera singers and ballerinas, such as Barsova, Mikhailov and Lepeshinskaya, perform frequently for the troops. Another very popular form of entertainment is the Puppet Theatre, extended and revised by Red Army students.



lingly when they don uniform. Vincent Korda, art director, has the platforms and tracks of Waterloo Station in construction at Denham for next week's action.

AT last the handle is turning at the new M.-G.-M. (British) outfit.

With Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr starring and Wesley Ruggles directing, Sir Alexander Korda launched production of "Perfect Strangers" at Denham this week.

Based on an original story idea, this picture is No. 1 in Metro's short-term programme, providing for four pictures in 1944 at a total cost of about £1,200,000.

Donat and Kerr, teamed for the first time, play husband and wife, placidly living a colourless life in a South Kensington apartment. War splits them into the Services, Donat to the Navy, Kerr to the W.R.N.S. Wesley Ruggles is handling the story in light comedy vein. It will anticipate the post-war problems of young married couples reunited after their experiences in the Services.

M.-G.-M. (British), adhering to their policy of putting Britain on the screen, have set the major action in wartime London. Camera units will cover the blitzed City area, river front and West End. Generous naval co-operation has been granted for big-scale exteriors, showing Donat and Kerr undergoing their respective training in naval depots and bases, with Donat's subsequent posting to his ship and to the Mediterranean theatre of war.

At Denham, production has begun on the Kensington apartment sequences, revealing routine breakfast at the Wilsons' in 1940, with eggs not yet scarce and newspapers still bulky. Kerr as the young wife in dressing-gown and with a sniffing cold, Donat as the prim black-coat worker, pecking his wife's cheek in absent-minded adieu, set the quiet pace, soon to be accelerated start-

# 'Roving Romanies'—They Pull War Weight To-day

By John King

WHERE are the gipsies we used to see travelling along the country lanes or camping in the fields? Where have they gone since the war? What are they doing?

The answer to all these questions is: "Helping to beat Hitler."

Before the war over 30,000 gipsies roamed the English countryside. All, in their way, were craftsmen, but since 1939 they have found it hard to make ends meet.

Many of them, especially the younger folk, have joined the Services. Others have lost the love of the road and gone into war factories. But, until a very short time ago, there were still large numbers content to pick up a living as they wandered about.

Then Mr. Ernest Williams, famed as a pre-war spiritual comforter to the gipsies, had an idea. He realised what a valuable labour force, especially for the farms, was to be found among these wanderers.

He wrote to the Minister of Labour and suggested a scheme for the use of these people—with the result that he became a temporary employee of the Ministry with instructions to encourage these gipsies to take up farm work.

Within a very short time Mr. Williams had persuaded 150 families to try their skill on the land. These people, used to making clothes-pegs, and, in general, useful with their hands, were surprised at the quick way in which they picked up the art of working on the land.

And Mr. Williams, who lives in a three-roomed 18ft. caravan at Send, Surrey, shook hands with himself and looked around for more of his gipsy friends!

The effect of this "settling down" will show itself in future generations of gipsies. Many, I have found, still find it hard to read or write. Some can do neither, for their parents did not stay long enough in one part for them to go to school.

Now things are different; children are having the advantage of school for the first time



—and gipsy children have proved to be among the smartest and most intelligent. Especial so is this with the English gipsies. They are much more advanced than those met on the Continent.

Like their English brothers in Britain, the gipsies suffering under the Germans are playing no small part in the disruption of the enemy war machine.

In the Balkans gipsy bands are known to be among the most successful of train-wreckers—and can accomplish a great deal of successful guerrilla warfare with the minimum number of weapons.

Every gipsy is an expert in draška—their own form of ju-jitsu—and large numbers of enemy troops, defending convoys on the road, have met death at the hands of the gipsies.

They are people with a long memory and do not forget that the Gestapo have shown a tendency to shoot a gipsy on the slightest pretence.

In addition, the Nazis shot one of their "kings," Janus Kwiek, following a trumped-up charge, in 1940, and encouraged the Rumanian Government to make life unbearable for 260,000 gipsies.

The result of this was to unite the various tribes together in a way that few would ever have thought possible a few

years ago. The old feuds were forgotten. All they wanted was to get revenge upon the Germans.

Many of the guerilla bands operating in the Balkans are gipsies who have left their caravans behind, and taken to the hills with their families. Their long association with the countryside, knowledge of various localities, stands them in good stead, and has caused the enemy a great strain in Rumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia.

In an effort to destroy the spirit of these brave and proud people, the enemy resorted to the most horrible methods. In the small village of Negotin, in Yugoslavia, they rounded up seventy gipsies, gave them all a hard time—then herded men and women into a barn. The door was then bolted—and the building was fired.

A few days later the gipsies had their revenge. They stretched a wire across the road along which the local German commander's car had to pass. It stretched along, for a time—when the wire had been passed no Germans in the car had a head of his own!

You might defeat a gipsy—but you will never hold him down. The Germans, all over Europe, have found this to be true in no uncertain manner, and to their bitter cost.

It happened to be Feast Week at Alvaston, so George toddled over from Barley Close Terrace, Little Eaton (Derby)

—where his home is—for an evening out.

Nice work if you can get it, George—and keep up the good work!!



## "Doing the Rounds" with A.B. Robert ("Lucky")

Preston

"I was always crazy about going on the stage," says Pat. "I used to practise songs and dances in the garden. What the neighbours thought I don't know."

Her father was quite agreeable to Pat leaving school and going on the stage, for, like all fathers, he had what he thought was the right answer. "Let her go. She'll be fed up with the stage in a year."

Since then Pat has played in every variety theatre in the country. Last Christmas she made her fifth appearance in pantomime, this time as principal boy in "Humpty Dumpty" at the London Coliseum. It ran from Christmas almost to Easter, and Pat swept the town.

Now she has got her first starring part in pictures, and the studio experts who have seen the cut of the first part of the picture say a new star has been born.

EARLING Distribution have arranged another re-issue of the ever-popular George Formby. "Let George Do It," starring the comedian and Phyllis Calvert, is a perfect vehicle for Formby, who accidentally finds himself a British agent working against Nazi spies in Bergen. He is caught up in a whirlwind of hair-raising situations to emerge as the hero in the end.

Apart from offering ample laughter and thrills, there are also four excellent song hits in the picture, which Formby puts over in his usual grand manner, ukulele and all.

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# COLD SAVAGE VENOM

## PART 16

I ADOPTED a shameless cruel cunning which I did not know I possessed. I regarded the woman when she was brought in and noted with satisfaction that she appeared overtired and strained. She looked older and lined and there was a furtive expression in her shifting eyes. Her nervous condition should make my task easy.

I told my clerk that I was not to be interrupted in any circumstances and that Mrs. Long would probably be with me for some time. That brought a flash of suspicion to her sullen eyes, and she said rudely, "I've come for my money." I opened a drawer.

"It's here waiting for you, Mrs. Long," I said in a hearty way. "Mr. Harborough wished me to give you a cheque for a month's wages, although you know, of course, you're only entitled to a week's. He's very generous."

Mrs. Long answered with an enigmatic grunt.

"Now I'll just get you to sign the receipt," I went on, taking a sadistic pleasure in trying to lull her suspicions.

Then, as though an ordeal were over, she condescended to thank me and waited for her cheque. That was the moment to unmask my attack.

"Now if you'll hand me the key of the bungalow," I said still cheerily.

"What d'you mean?" she demanded belligerently. "I give you the keys last Thursday."

"Yes. Yes, Mrs. Long, but I mean the key you use to get into the bungalow at night—and steal things."

That went home. The woman's

face flushed and she exclaimed savagely, "That's a lie, that's a damned lie. How dare you say it? You prove it, that's what I'll ask you to do—"

"I can prove it," I broke in quietly. "But that's only one of the things I can prove."

She glanced at the door.

"Here, you give me my money. I won't stay here another minute," she said, "listening to they lies."

My hand went to the telephone. "Mrs. Long," I said firmly, "if you don't sit down at once and answer my questions I shall telephone to the police station and then you'll have to answer their questions. I may be able to help you. The police certainly won't. Sit down at once."

She turned, and dropped slowly into a chair and looked furtively about the room like a trapped animal.

"Now, Mrs. Long," I went on, "I know a lot about what you've been doing. It was because I knew you'd been taking things from the bungalow that I had new locks put on the doors. That's why you couldn't get in last Saturday night—I glanced at a paper by my side for effect—or just before one on Sunday morning, to be accurate."

The woman stared at me murderously.

"Two witnesses saw you," I retorted. "One of them followed you back to your cottage, where you had a visitor. Who was that visitor?"

"It's a lie," she said fiercely.

"Very well, Mrs. Long, since you choose to deny it, we'll pass on to a more serious crime; that of attempted murder." I saw her start and grab the arms of her chair. "The sentence for that is always severe, generally many years of penal servitude. I'm talking about what you did soon after you left this place last night. At Eastwinds. You and—a man. No, you didn't go straight home. You went to Eastwinds and there—" again I glanced at the paper on my desk "—and there just before half-past seven, you and the man endeavoured to murder Mr. Philip Harborough by forcibly administering to him a drug by means of a hypodermic syringe." I chose my words to sound as much like a police charge as possible.

"I never. I never. It's another lie," she protested frantically.

"I have the evidence here," I answered, patting my desk. "You were paid to do it, weren't you, and there was some little difficulty about getting your money."

The fury faded in her face. She stared at me with hatred and terror. "Well, if you won't tell me," I continued at length, "we must consider an even graver matter—much graver—a crime for which there is only one sentence." I

## Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

let my voice drop and spoke slowly and deliberately. "The crime of murder, for which they hang people."

She gasped. "Now, Mrs. Long," I went on in the same grim tone. "Where were you between twelve and one o'clock on the night when your employer, Mr. Alban Harborough, was—murdered?"

"I was at home. I was home abed and asleep. I swear to God, I was," she answered frantically. "Let us hope you can prove it," I said in a voice like doom.

The woman shuddered. I picked up a pen and began to write.

"Who says I done it?" she demanded suddenly.

I continued writing, then reading aloud what I had written, "Emily Long states that she will swear before God that she was at home in bed and asleep at the time in question," I said, adding "You are quite sure of that?"

"If you didn't, who did kill Mr. Alban Harborough?" I demanded coldly.

"How should I know?" she retorted.

"Then you were lying when you told the man who was to pay you for attempting to murder Mr. Philip Harborough that you did know?"

Emily Long looked dazed at that. My brutal scheme was succeeding. Soon I should break down her resistance. Subconsciously I recalled stories I had read of the inhuman interrogations of secret police; of the will-destroying effect of the constantly repeated question.

"Who did kill Mr. Alban Harborough?" I demanded again.

"I don't know," she said stubbornly.

"Eight o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Long," I said. "That's when they hang people. The rope round your neck, and you standing on a trap door. Then the trap gives way, and you drop..." I broke off abruptly.

"Who did kill Mr. Alban Harborough?"

She was breathing hard, scrabbling at the arms of the chair with thick, dirty fingers. Suddenly her control went. She burst out like a fury.

"Think you're clever, don't you? All right. I'll tell you something you won't like. You ask that Miss Lockwood who done it. See what she says. You don't bully me—"

"Rubbish," I interrupted. I was afraid that was coming, but I was ready for it.

"Oh, rubbish, is it?" she raged on. "All right. Call the police

station. I'll tell 'em something—"

"You're being a very stupid woman," I goaded her.

"Oh, am I? I see her with my own eyes—"

"So you weren't in bed and asleep," I broke in.

"Who give me away—Corby?" she demanded.

I shrugged my shoulders. "You should know best who could give you away," I said.

Then it came. Not in heat, but with a cold intensity of hatred, a string of the foulest invective it has ever been my misfortune to hear.

THE beastly vocabulary ran itself to an end and the woman stopped as though she were exhausted. I hope I may never again hear a man cursed as she cursed Ivor Corby.

"All right," she said deliberately after some moments. "You write this down. I'll take my oath on it. Think he were going to put it on to me, he did. I'll learn him different. Corby, he done it. He killed old Harborough," she spoke with curious deliberation, as though she were weighing her words.

### USELESS EUSTACE

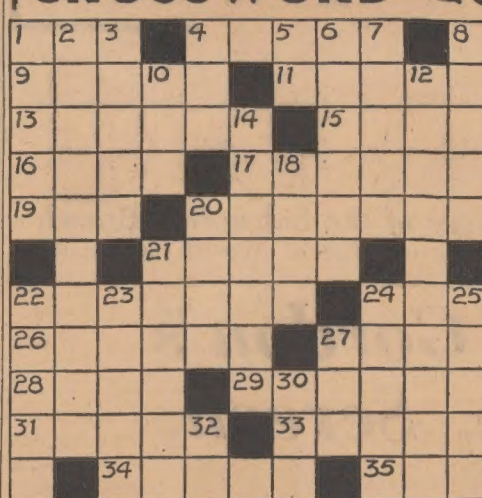


"There! NOW let's see your ruddy cat scratch up my seed-bed!"

I suppose some gesture or expression of mine betrayed my surprise or incredulity, for she went on:

"Oh, yes, he did. I'll tell you all about it. He's give me away and I'll see he swing for it. I'd have kept my mouth shut. I didn't want to be mixed up in it. But now he can have what's coming to him. He come round to mine that Tuesday night just before eleven. He come over from the 'Ship,' he'd been drinking, he had. On Charlie's motor-bike. He say he's in trouble—not that that was news to me—he say he's writ some letters to old Harborough trying to get money out of him and he say Miss Lockwood come and tell him that night Harborough's going to have him run in for them. I never asked how she knew he was back, but

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Youngster.
- 4 Skating figures.
- 9 Swiftly.
- 11 Ruinous.
- 13 Tear right out.
- 15 Fish.
- 16 Developed.
- 17 Girl's name.
- 19 Builder's
- 20 Climbing plant.
- 21 Glaring.
- 22 Writers.
- 24 Quoted
- 26 Corner of
- 27 Young animal.
- 28 Tear.
- 29 Salvo.
- 31 Reptile.
- 33 Big match.
- 34 Slope.
- 35 Request.

HIST HEADED  
ARCADE TAXI  
WORN NOTICE  
SNAGS BASIS  
E POULTER T  
RYE PAY PEG  
E LINEAL R  
SOLON DRAMA  
EVADED RIOT  
RING ORACLE  
FLEECE SEED

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Guffaw.
- 2 Neared.
- 3 Ventured.
- 4 Sign of
- 5 Zodiac.
- 6 Transferred.
- 7 Old flagon.
- 8 Distinct.
- 10 Farm animal.
- 12 Lessens.
- 14 Small towers.
- 18 Portuguese money.
- 20 Regular solid.
- 21 Stone over door.
- 22 Sporadic.
- 23 Leather strips.
- 24 Famous composer.
- 25 Golf-club.
- 27 Illness.
- 30 Near stern.
- 32 Artist.

she always were sweet on him, the little fool."

I winced, and said sternly, "Go on, Mrs. Long."

"He say he've just come away from Harborough's trying to make it right with the old gentleman, but he say he's going to have Ivor prosecuted and they letters is going into safe hands where they'll know how to use them. Then he say he'll give me twenty pound if I can get they letters out of Harborough's desk. I say I don't want nothing to do with it," she went on, "and I tell him I reckon it's too late, for he've had that nephew to supper and they've gone to him, because old Harborough had made his will about a fortnight ago and he leave everything to that nephew. Ivor Corby knew that because I read that will and told him."

I was making notes as hard as I could and I was glad when the woman stopped for a moment.

"I tell you I didn't want nothing to do with it," she repeated after a few moments, "but he made me. He kept on crazing me to do it. Then he threaten me that if he get into trouble he'll see I get into trouble, too. He say he'll give me thirty pounds, but I told him I wouldn't do it, but—I went," she admitted shamelessly.

"I leave it till after twelve because old Harborough'd be in bed and asleep by then. Drunk most likely, he did sometimes when he was worried. Used to keep whisky in his bedroom. He never knew I knew, but I did. And he'd had one or two that afternoon when he heard his nephew was coming down. He was like that."

I realised that there was not much about her employer's life at Eastwinds that Emily Long did not know and I wondered if she knew his past career. She stopped again, then went on slowly. She had entered the yard of the bungalow by a gate from the beach and prowled round the place to make

sure that Harborough was not still up. It seemed all right, so she had gone in by the back door. She was just entering the sitting-room when, to her dismay, the front door opened and she heard Alban Harborough's voice.

"Corby were with him, Ivor Corby," she said. "He'd come back. They stood in the lobby by the front door and Harborough he say, 'It's no good, Corby, I've said my last word,' and Ivor, he say, 'You know it mean ruin for me,' then Harborough he laugh in a nasty way he have sometimes and he say that's his trouble, and he say, 'I told you before if he—you worry me again I prosecute and I mean it. Now you'd better get out.'"

She broke off for a moment before she added viciously, "Then Ivor hit him. I heard him go down, he hit something when he fall. It fair frightened me because there wasn't no row afterward. Harborough never call out or hit back, so I knew he must be dead. I wait a minute to get my nerve, I was all trembling, then I hear Corby moving but I was afraid to move fear I'd be caught. I reckon when Corby go I'd slip out the back and when I hear the door open I wait a minute and I do slip out. And then, sir," it was the first time she had used that word and, looking at her appalled by her story, I could see that she was shaking, "this is what I see." She spoke with cold savage venom. "Ivor Corby, he was carrying Harborough out through the yard on his back. He took him down to the sea and threw him in. I see him. Then he come back to the house and then he go. That's what I see and I'll swear it."

She went on: "If they want Ivor Corby I'll tell you where they'll find him. He lives on one of the captain's motor-boats, the *White Fish*, the little one what's moored off the quay. And they'd better be quick about it or the dirty little swine will be gone. He had a row last night with the captain and he told him to clear off to-day." Then she started whining again. "You'll do your best for me, sir, won't you?" she said.

And I did perhaps a foolish and certainly wrong thing.

"I don't believe all your story, Mrs. Long," I said, "I'm going to give you an hour or two to think of your very serious position. Then when I see you again I want the whole truth. Don't forget the evidence that I have."

Then I rang Moon, and sent him back with Mrs. Long to her cottage with instructions which she heard, that if she attempted to leave the cottage he was to hand her over to the police at once.

(To be continued.)

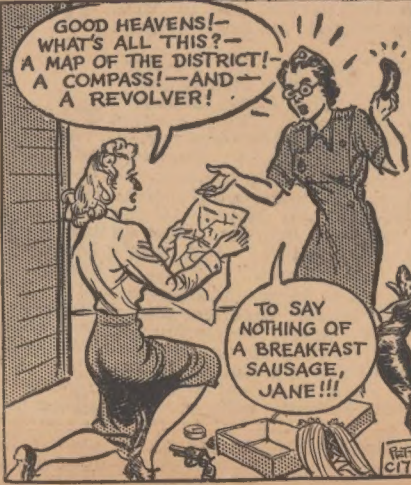
## QUIZ for today

1. Origan is a musical term, Spanish drink, plant, gas, mineral?
2. Who wrote (a) Harry Lorrequer, (b) The Adventures of Harry Richmond?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Buttercup, Daisy, Celandine, Dandelion, Yellow Bedstraw, Ragwort, Tansy.
4. Was the University Boat Race ever rowed twice in one year?
5. Sailing up the Thames, what are the first four bridges one will pass?
6. What is the oldest inn in England?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Kilolitre, Khedive, Kex, Kindergarden, Kloof, Kur-saal, Kestrel.
8. What was the name of Mahomet's winged horse?
9. The Post Office Savings Bank was opened in 1841, 1851, 1861, 1871, 1881?
10. Name the stage partners of (a) Flanagan, (b) Nervo, (c) Naughton.
11. What is the common name for a pincock?
12. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pind, Pirn, Pise, Piste, Piu.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 402

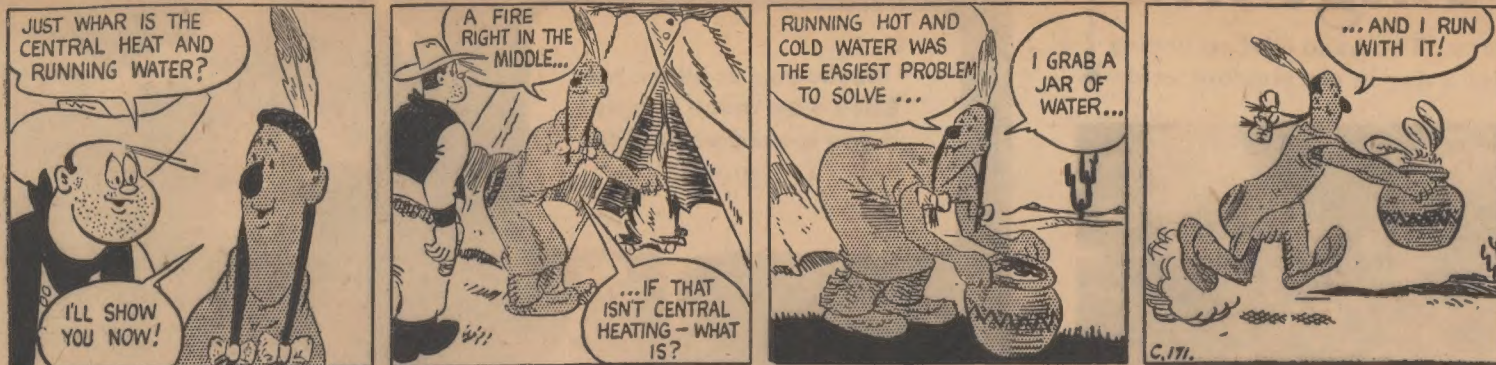
1. Overcoat.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) John Ruskin.
3. Hydroplane does not fly; others do.
4. 1838.
5. After St. Catherine, who was martyred by being broken on the wheel.
6. Six.
7. Occiput, Oblivion.
8. Torricelli, 1640.
9. (a) Allen, (b) Costello, (c) Johnson.
10. Apple, Pear, Plum.
11. Unicorn.
12. Picaline.

## JANE





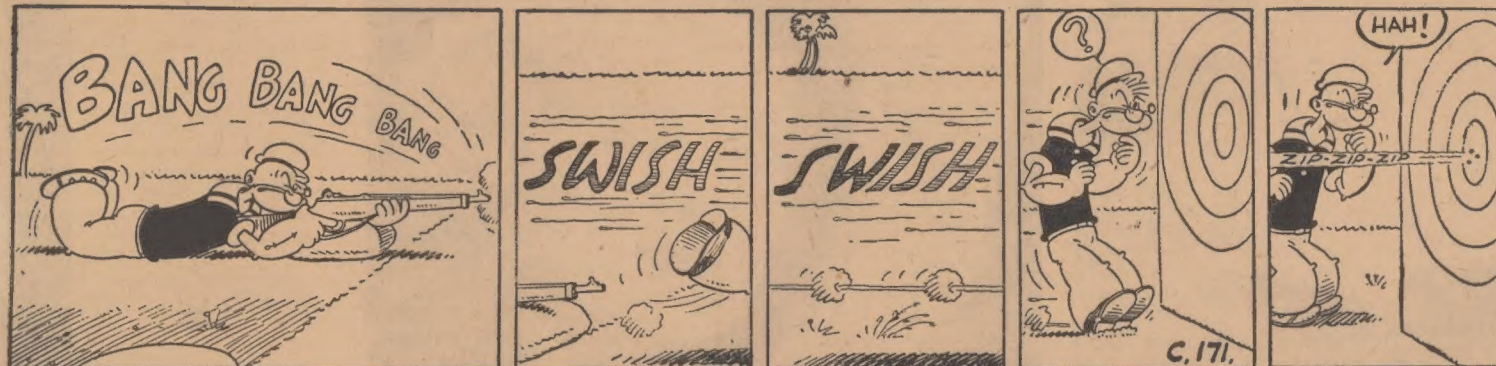
## BEELZEBUB JONES



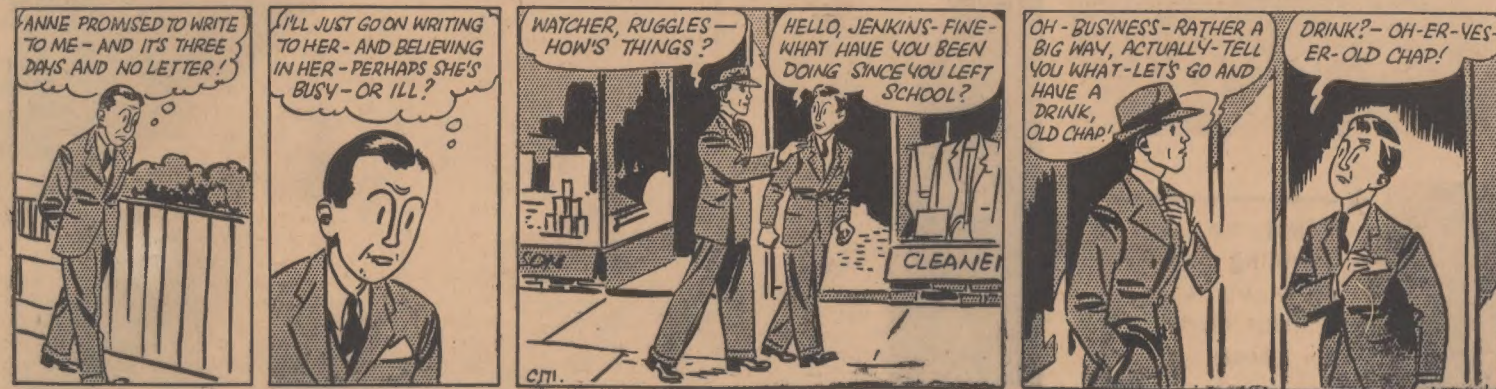
## BELINDA



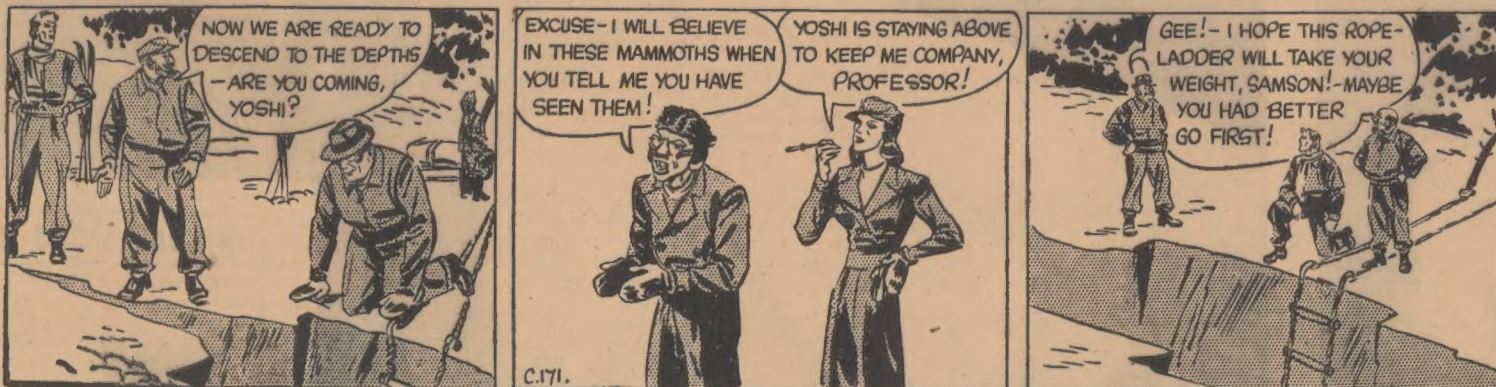
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Millions Still Can't Read

By Maurice Bensley

DESPITE compressed newspapers and periodicals, and the war-time suspension of many of the less important, people are reading more than ever before.

One has estimated his weekly input as about 300,000 words—15,000,000 a year. It includes: Morning papers, some 120,000 words a week; evening, 60,000; Sunday, 30,000; illustrated weeklies, novels, magazines, letters, and miscellaneous, 90,000 to 100,000.

You think maybe that at that rate one would wear out the eyes in a few years. Not a bit of it. An average reader gets through rather less than this, but even at 15,000,000 words you would be a long way from overtaxing your eyes.

Eye specialists have put the reading capacity of a normal pair of eyes at well over 20,000,000 words a year.

Yet there are conditions of reading which induce heavy eye-strain, but there may be factors—specially strong vision, sensible lighting, and so on—which serve to counter the heavy strain.

Many well-known bookworms have got away unscathed, with a lifetime of incredibly heavy reading—at terrific speeds, too.

The late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, editor of the "British Weekly," was so fond of books that he not only collected a library of 25,000 volumes, every page of which he knew almost by heart, but he could read a whole page while most people absorbed a paragraph.

He himself said he was able to read about 20,000 words in half an hour, and averaged two books a day.

But this feat was easily beaten by Lawrence of Arabia, a very great book-lover. When Lawrence was at Oxford University, he read—so it is recorded—50,000 books in six years. That is an average of twenty a day!

He lay, it's said, on a mattress spread on the floor, so that he could, when he wanted, read on continuously, day and night, falling asleep when he could go on no longer.

Practically no eye troubles exist among the Chinese, whose written characters are not letters at all, but pictorial symbols representing whole words. There is no alphabet; instead, the written word is based on thousands of syllabic characters or ideographs—pictures or symbols that suggest an object pictorially without naming it.

Public signposts, traffic directions, municipal posters, which the humblest town-bred coddle must understand, are all pictures, not words.

Imagine the task facing both pupils and instructors when even elementary education in the new, enlightened China is having to be built upon 20,000 separate symbols.

Most country-bred Chinese still cannot read at all. There are some 400 million Chinese. But you'd be surprised how many folk in Britain are similarly unendowed.

A shop proprietor, summoned at Westminster County Court, told the magistrates that although he employed four people, he himself could neither read nor write. All that he found necessary was done by his wife and brother.

Pleading similar ignorance, a Lancashire motorist successfully appealed against a summons for driving past a "No Entry, One-way Street" road sign.

A lorry driver, giving evidence at an inquest, stated that not only was he himself unable to read or write, but also a brother in the R.A.F., and his mother and grandmother. He had, however, learned to distinguish road signs.

Even a few of the rising generation somehow manage almost to reach school-leaving age without the slightest knowledge of at least two of the Three R's.

Last year, a girl of 13, called as a witness at Highgate police court, was unable to read the oath, though—so she told the magistrate—she always went to school.

You expect a fair percentage of illiteracy among peasants in some countries, for even to-day the vast majority of the world's population cannot read.

You would not expect to find this in the Civil Service of any land, but even postmasters and mistresses in many parts of Russia—and even in outlying districts of France and elsewhere—cannot read or write a word.

They simply spread out incoming letters on the counter and callers pick out their own. The system has worked without change for generations.

## Alex Cracks

Here is a wardroom story of Admiral Vian. "Vian of the 'Cossack.'" It concerns a coastal minelayer which lays its "eggs" through an opening in the stern between decks. The skipper was off his dead reckoning and circled his vessel at about three knots to pick up exact bearings. Admiral Vian, in command of the destroyer escort, watched the manoeuvre for a while with interest.

Then he ran up the signal, "Regret to see that you are egg-bound."

A benevolent old lady, on reading that a seat had to be found for the new Minister of War in the House of Commons, wrote to the Speaker and offered to give her late husband's favourite armchair!



**Good  
Morning**

# *This England*

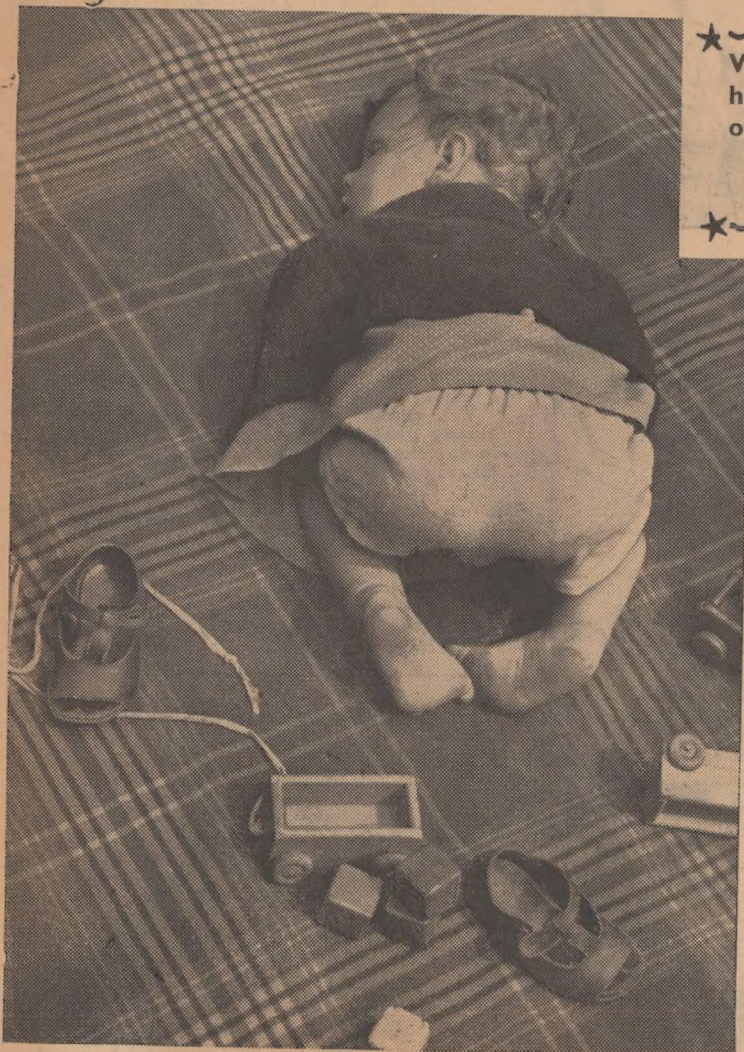
When day is done. The Land Girl returning  
★ to the farm after a day in the Norfolk fields. ★



"Maybe you do adore me.  
But I'd be much happier  
if you looked around for  
a moment."



★  
"Good Morn-  
ing" has first  
exclusive view  
of R.K.O.'s new  
starlets. No. 1,  
Constance  
Moore.  
★



★ What an ex-  
hausting game  
of trains that  
must have  
been.  
★

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gosh, and there are  
five  
more."

